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**The Young men and  
maids delight**

**S e v e n      D i a l s**  
**[London]**

**[18--?]**

**Reel: 40    Title: 30**

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**Title : The Young men and maids delight : being a choice  
collection, of the newest songs, now singing at all the  
public places of amusement.**

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[18--?]**

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The Young Men and Maids

# DELIGHT

Being a Choice Collection

OF THE NEWEST SONGS,

Now singing at all the Public Places of Amusement



1. The Kiss Dear Maid
2. And is Not it a Pity
3. Each has a Lover but Me
4. The Sun that Lights the Roses.
5. The Cloyer's Adventures.
6. Sailor's Welcome Home.
7. The Park-bireman.
8. No my Love No
9. Ben Bonner's Maxims.
10. Jack Mizen.

13. Nautical Revolutions.
14. The Willow
15. Satchel's Fate
16. The Wanderer's Song
17. Tuthers and her Part
18. The Soldier's Dream
19. The Sailor boy.
20. O it wasn't for me that I heard the bells ringing.
21. The Dog is his Master's Protector.
22. Pies among the Roses.
23. Old Mr. December.

11. May we ne'er want a Friend nor  
12. Good and bad Wives

Printed and Sold by J. Pitts, Wholesale Toy Warehouse,

St. Andrew street Seven Dials.

PRICE ONE PENNY

# BLEED THROUGH

## 1. THE KISS DEAR MAID.

THE Kiss dear Maid, any as hast  
Shall ne part from thee, clef  
Till Capper, thus rest the Gift

Untainted back to thine;  
The parting glance that fondly beams  
An equal Love, that in the  
The tear that from thy eyelid streams  
Can weep no change in me.

The Kiss dear Maid, &c.  
I ask no pledge to make me blest,  
In gazing when alone,  
Nor one memorial for a breast,  
Whose thoughts are all thine own,  
By day or night, in woe or woe,  
That heart no longer free,  
Must bear the burden of thy love,  
And silent adieu for thee.

## 2. And is not it Pity:

I Loved a lad, a handsome ad,  
I loved him too sincerely,  
He play'd a part on my heart  
I vow'd to love him dearly,  
But what he said, I could deny,  
Indeed its very pretty,  
And I'm so vexed, I could cry,  
And is not it Pity:

My cruel Aunt with jeers and taunts,  
Bid me longer tarry,

For she never could yet get the man,  
In the mind for to marry.

But what was said, I'll not deny,  
Indeed its very pretty,

And you may laugh tho' I could cry,  
And is not it a Pity:

And is not it a Pity:

And is not it a Pity:

And is not it a Pity:

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And is not it a Pity:

She tells me so bad of the sex,  
The sight of a man is alarming,  
This she does only to vex  
For a sweetheart I am, she thinks is  
No harm in.

Then prithee lads come, &c.  
So cheap are husbands, she cries,  
That thou'st by dozens you get them,  
But so dear unto me is the prize,  
That if I give him myself I can't get  
Then prithee lads, &c. (one.)

## 4. THE SUN THAT LIGHT THE ROSES.

THO' dimple cheeks may give the  
light,

Where rival beauties blossom,  
Tho' balmy lips to love invite,  
To extacy the bosom;  
Yet sweeter far yon summersky,  
Whose blushing tint discloses,  
Give me the more beaming eye,  
The Sun that lights the roses.  
The voice of love is soft and clear,  
Exciting fond emotion,  
How sweet it sounds upon the ear,  
Like music on the ocean;  
Yet dearer far to lover's ear,  
The eye that truth discloses,  
Surpassing with its splendor bright  
The Sun that lights the roses.

## 5. THE CLOWN'S ADVENTURES

I'M a clown you may tell by my phiz,  
I love to be busy and gay,  
I will sing only say you won't quit,  
For quizzing is out of my way,  
When a boy, light your honor I tried,  
When a youth, was a waxy shoe-maker,  
As tailor the bucks I supplied,  
Quack doctor and then undertaker,  
(Spoken.)— Aye, but as undertaker  
I could never bury any thing but meat  
dish, fruit, or pastry, — over a good  
dinner was always a grave subject,  
and was devilish deep when I'd a dead  
neighbour to deal with; till one day,  
being caught with a pig in my pocket

WRITE ON YOURS YOUNG

3

was committed to Bridewell as a body-snatcher—

Hey fiddle ho, fiddle di dee,  
As a soldier next went for France,  
But in Spain my respect first did pay,  
And while others made Frenchmen

to prance,  
What did I do, why I run away.  
But my officer, knowing me brave,  
Made me presents, but not very large  
First he whipt me for bringing leave,  
Then th' regiment gave me my dis-

charge.  
(Spoken.)—Then they dunn'd me  
out—and what for? because I was the  
General's wig off. One soldier, tried  
me for running away with his wig, but  
the gunner blew me off because he  
said his wife run away with me—in-  
dicted me for crime con—when I pro-  
ved it impossible for his wife to run  
away with me, because she had no  
legs, so the Judges took their wigs,  
and the Court sung.

Hey fiddle, &c  
For the last footman went  
Where my wages so nicely were paid  
But egad you must know that my eye  
Was placed on the cook's housemaid  
In the larder I us'd as my own,  
The wine I would drink when too dry  
But to make the secret was blown,  
Then I thought it was time for good  
bye.

(Spoken.)—Away I went, and the  
servants after me, stop him with the  
wine I says I, 'twill be rum if you do  
so being in good spirits got clear off  
and I'll ever go as footman again, may  
I be spitted and served up to Lord  
Scratch, as a fat goose, singing  
Hey fiddle ho, fiddle di dee.

6. The Sailor's welcome Home.

WHEN first at sea a sailor lad,  
So timid views the whitening  
billyow,  
And sighs for cot and mam and dad,  
Where flows the stream beneath the  
willow,

But safe return d past dangers spur'd  
He laughs at the ocean's threatening  
Maid, and he, with glee  
To sing the sailor's welcome home  
When next at sea the sailor youth  
No more ascends the mast with terror  
Yet pensive wishes Mary true  
May clear the rocks of shoals of error  
His voyage o'er the ocean's  
And finds her near the shore  
Then, full and he gets well with glee,  
And sings the sailor's welcome home

7. The Yorkshireman

BY the side of a brig, the other day  
I was sent behind the wheel  
I went by the stream as I studied the  
book,  
And was thought to be no small job  
I never yet thought a pig in a poke,  
For to give old Nick his due  
I'd off I have sent him the York  
shire milk.

Yet I was Yorkshire too,  
I was pretty well lik'd by each villager  
At races, wake or fair,

For my father had addled a vast in trade  
And as were his son to him  
and seeing that I did not want to be  
a poor girl's name first, I was  
Buddon's delight in Yorkshire  
First I was Yorkshire too.

To London by father's wish  
Gentleman's son I was  
But fashions so dear I came back as I  
and so then I was nothing a more,  
my kind relations would upon he found  
What was best of money to do  
Says I, my dear cousin, I thank  
But I'm now to be cozen'd by the

3. No my Love No

WHILE I hang on you  
unfaded



# BLEED THROUGH

High walls my sad heart and fast my  
 Yet think not of coldness they fail to  
 Did I ever spread you? Oh I no my  
 I own it would please me at home  
 Nor e'er feel a wish from Maria to go,  
 But if it gives pleasure to you my dear  
 Shall I blame your departure. Oh I no  
 Now do not dear Hal while abroad you  
 That heart which is mine on a rival be-  
 Nay, banish thatrown such displeasure  
 Do you think I suspect you, Oh no my  
 I believe you are too kind for one mo-  
 Or plant in a heart which adores you  
 Every shadow you dishonour my truth  
 Should I e'er cease to love you, Oh no

## 9. Ben Bowler's Maxims

**B**EN Bowler was valiant, a true  
 Had braved every danger in tempest or  
 Was content with an ship for the whole  
 And would sign at the hardships too  
 To his friends ever generous, to Ben  
 Ben still did to others as he'd be done  
 What a pity, cried Ben, that in sailing  
 There are lubbers so fond of base jar-  
 rebowing might we steer thro' life's  
 All hands to each other as brethren  
 What a pity, he'd say, that members  
 Who do unto others as they'd be done  
 When wreck'd out at Indies, he'd  
 And many poor comrades partook of  
 All reject'd he'd escap'd from a wat-  
 ry grave,

Who glory'd in conquest that conquer'd  
 When a Dea was blown up, his action  
 And did unto others as he'd be done too

## 10. Jack Mizen.

**F**IERCE the bloody battle raging,  
 Ocean's wave in silence sleep,  
 Ship to ship were firm engaging  
 Over the bottom of the deep,  
 When a ball by deams directed,  
 Struck Jack Mizen to the ground—  
 Jack by all the crew respected  
 Saw his shipmates crowd around,  
 O'er him many a tear was falling,  
 While poor Jack assay'd to speak,  
 Gently then his messmate calling,  
 Bade him his dear Mary seek,  
 Tell her that I died with honour,  
 Fighting on my country's side,  
 Heaven bestow thy blessing on her,  
 My children too—he said, and died

## 11. May we ne'er want a Friend and a Bottle to give him.

**S**INCE the first dawn of reason, that  
 And told me how far'd by fortune  
 my lot, (inclined  
 To share that good fortune I still was  
 And impart to who wanted what I  
 was not.  
 'Tis a maxim entitled to every one's  
 praise, (to relieve him.  
 When a man feels distress like a man  
 And may unto the simple means more  
 than a man, (to give him.  
 May we ne'er want a friend not a bot-  
 The heart by decaying ingratitude rent  
 Or by poverty bow'd tho' of evil the  
 least.  
 The smile of a friend may invite to con-  
 And we all know content is an excel-  
 lent feast.  
 'Tis a maxim entitled to every one's  
 When a man feels distress like a man  
 to relieve him.



And my motto (no simple means more  
than it says, *Life is too brief*  
May we ne'er want a friend and a wife

## 12. Good and Bad Wives.

**A** BATTLE OF MINDS in a life  
Few folks that live wed live better  
A man live well with a very good wife  
But the puzzle is how to get her.  
There are pretty good wives and pret-  
ty bad wives in the world  
And wives neither one thing or another  
And as for the wretches who seek all their  
lives,

I'd sooner wed Adam's grandmother,  
Then ladies and gentle folk to marriage  
inclined.

May deceit or ill humour ne'er trap ye  
May those who are single get wives to  
their mind.

And those who are married live happy  
Some chase their ladies for figure and  
grace.

Or a pretty woman's foot as they're  
Some chase for figure & some for face,  
But very few chase them for talking.

Now as for the wife I could follow  
the life.

'Tis she who can speak so sincerely,  
Whose not ever lips can give good ad-  
vice.

And love a good husband dearly.  
So ladies & gentle when for wedlock in-  
clined.

May deceit or ill humour ne'er trap ye  
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Now as for the wife I could follow  
the life.

'Tis she who can speak so sincerely,  
Whose not ever lips can give good ad-  
vice.

Then let her be a heavy burden  
be upon his mind.

But, robbery and murder and the like  
The law will punish for.

pleasant in prison.

This marriage is a very good one  
does not require any more.

And while he is in the world, he is a  
friend and a comfort.

But disquieting and the like  
all O you who are in the world.

For the world is a very good one  
does not require any more.

They say that the world is a very good one  
does not require any more.

delight in, and the like.

Then when I am in the world, I am  
a very good one.

And when I am in the world, I am  
a very good one.

'Cause his heart can't not pay a debt  
He was bound for a friend who onto  
himself.

How an unfeeling creditor caught  
and soon after that he put his hand  
on the world.

His heart can't not pay a debt  
He was bound for a friend who onto  
himself.

Shut out from the world, he is a  
very good one.

To prevent his throat from dy-  
ing, he is a very good one.

Who've been in the world, he is a  
very good one.

Let him be a very good one, he is a  
very good one.

Not so much as the world, he is a  
very good one.

Next to the world, he is a very good one  
and the like.

THE WILLOW.

A POEM BY THE WILLOW.

Oh, willow, willow, willow.

Oh, willow, willow, willow.

Oh, willow, willow, willow.

Oh, willow, willow, willow.

Oh, willow, willow, willow.

Oh, willow, willow, willow.

Oh, willow, willow, willow.

# BLEED THROUGH

With his hand on his bosom his heart  
 as on his face  
 O the willow, O the willow  
 O the willow, O the willow

When I was a young man, I was  
 O the willow, O the willow  
 O the willow, O the willow  
 O the willow, O the willow

Sing O the green willow sing O the  
 O the green willow sing O the  
 O the green willow sing O the  
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## 6 The Wanderer's Rest.

My heart with grief oppress'd,  
 That gave a wanderer rest.  
 Then ever turn a pitying ear,  
 When life with thorns is strewn

The orphan's tear,  
 The orphan's tear,  
 The orphan's tear,  
 The orphan's tear

## 7 Tuthere oo and Tan.

In Dundee there liv'd a Carl so blyth  
 In Dundee there liv'd a bonny Carl,  
 A gadding spidery was his lot,  
 But he was danc'd himself and often got

Tuthere oo and Tan.  
 Tuthere oo and Tan.  
 Tuthere oo and Tan.  
 Tuthere oo and Tan.

Else was Andrew Mackintosh believ'd;  
 She made her husband's heart ache thro'  
 And then she made his head ache too  
 Tuthere oo and Tan.

Wife, said he, if I'm to die and will  
 gang and drown me.  
 she should my spirit come said he  
 O, I'm quite spirit proof, said she?

At the pond, said he, if my poor heart  
 should fail me,  
 Will you run behind and push me in  
 says he, a hard wife tis to play  
 But tis my duty to obey  
 B' a pond he stood that was deep full





